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[For the Monitor.]

CONTENTMENT.

LET calm content thy mind control,
'Twill all life's dreary vale illumine,
Each joy enhance, each grief console,
And o'er thy slumbers breathe perfume.

YOUTHFUL reader, you are now entering into life with all the fond expectations, common to your age and experience. Hope paints the future in glowing colours, and opens before you a scene of uninterrupted enjoyment. But remember amidst all your pleasing prospects, that contentment is essential to your happiness; it is that only which can give a relish for the enjoyments of life, and inspire the mind with tranquillity. Gaze not with too much eagerness on the fair pictures of hope; they will create a distaste for present enjoyments, and render you discontented with your condition; then farewell to happiness, experience will prove these flattering prospects to be an illusion, and disappoint your most sanguine expectations.

As you are now forming a character, which you will sustain through life, it is of the highest importance that you should cultivate a spirit of contentment; on this depends, not only your happiness, but your future eminence. Discontent disgusts the mind with surrounding objects, and accustoms it to look to the future for all its pleasures; it sours the disposition, and destroys those generous feelings of the soul which fit us for the enjoyment of society and friendship. And if

habits of indifference to the sympathies of our nature, which constitute us social beings, are formed in early life, the consequence will be most unhappy. Could all the anticipations of youth be realized, they would not impart happiness to a bosom where discontent has exercised its chilling influence, and paralyzed the tenderest sensibilities of the soul. From such a breast all fellow-feeling is excluded, and with it the vital source of happiness.

Is your condition in life obscure? do not repine when you see others enjoying the smiles of fortune, and moving in a higher sphere than yourself. Riches and honour are not essential to happiness; they bring with them peculiar cares, and expose their possessors to many temptations and trials. But if you would rise to eminence, and gain the esteem of your fellow-men, be content with your condition, improve the opportunities it offers for acquiring knowledge, and extending your acquaintance with the employments of life. As you advance, new scenes of action will open before you, upon which you will be qualified to enter with propriety. Thus you will gradually rise in the estimation of the wise and good, and steadily advance in the only sure way to greatness.

But if you indulge in discontent, every thing about you will appear uninteresting, your opportunities for improvement will be neglected, and the favoured season of youth spent in forming plans for future happiness and distinction, which can never be executed. Any condition in life will appear desirable rather than that in which you are placed, and while you are laying schemes for future action, and indulging in waking dreams of pleasure, your mind will become weak and vacillating, the season for forming those useful habits which ought to regulate your life, will have past, and you will go forth into the world irresolute in all your purposes, and incapable of being content in any situation. We need not say what will be the consequence; you have already seen it in those unhappy beings who are made the sport of winter's rudest blasts, and compelled to beg their bread from door to door.

Discontent is ingratitude to God. He has placed you in the situation which in his infinite wisdom he saw best, and if it is not in the circle of opulence and greatness, yet it is a situation in which you may be happy. Think how much better is your condition than that of many of your fellow beings, and you will have cause for gratitude instead of repining. That Being who notices the fall of a sparrow is not regardless of your happiness. How ungrateful then to murmur at his dealings with you; it is his paternal care which has provided for all your wants and procured for you the blessings of life. Your happiness depends not on noble birth and profusion of wealth, but upon a faithful discharge of the duties connected with your station in life. Let this be your object, and content will impart cheerfulness to the busy scenes of life, and shed a heavenly calm over the seasons of solitude. B.

ESSAY.....NO. VI.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

For mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people. ISAIAH.

In the series of Essays to which this belongs, we have defined prayer, and proved it universally obligatory on mankind. We have seen that acceptable prayer, must be offered with penitence, and faith in the name of Christ, and relying on the aids of the Holy Spirit. Secret prayer and family worship have been inculcated and enforced. Our attention is naturally attracted next to *public social prayer*. And our motto reminds us that houses of God are designed as houses of prayer for all people. Though it was originally spoken of the temple, it is in a connexion which warrants its universal application to places piously set apart for the public worship of God. We shall therefore, without further introductory remarks, proceed to consider, I. the DUTY; II. the MANNER; and III. the ADVANTAGES of public social prayer.

I. That PUBLIC SOCIAL PRAYER is a duty, may be argued from the sanction it has received from common sense, from the dictates of enlightened reason, and from the oracles of God. The fact, that in every age of the world, the various tribes of men have generally observed stated or occasional seasons of public worship, either to the true God or to idols, is strongly in favour of our first proposition. For it shows that the common sense and the general feelings of mankind, impel them, at some times, to acknowledge their dependence on some greater Being than man, and to render him some kind of worship. However gross the absurdities with which these feelings are often connected, their existence proves that conscience, the vicegerent of God in man, points to public prayer as a duty.

Here is the mainspring of that which, when perverted, becomes idolatry. Conscience is clamorous in men, that God should be publicly worshipped. A depraved heart does not like to retain the true God in its knowledge. It substitutes an object of worship more congenial, and then attempts to quiet conscience by its devotion to an idol. Here is the secret charm which carries the Hindoo three months' journey to pray before Juggernaut. That barbarian tribes have been accustomed, from time immemorial, to meet publicly to deprecate the wrath or implore the smiles of their false gods, is presumptive evidence that public prayer is a duty. But the dictates of enlightened reason sanction public prayer. Does not reason uniformly dictate that God should be worshipped? If he have made men social beings, was it not that these social affections should be consecrated to his honor? Does devout prayer tend to excite a lively sense of human dependence and human obligations, and does not reason dictate that it should be frequent and public? Do we in common receive many mercies from the Father of lights, and shall we not unitedly thank him? Are men alike dependent, are they all sinners, and shall they not together acknowledge their dependence and confess their guilt?

After all, the question of *DUTY* rests on the sanction of the oracles of God. But who can doubt for a moment, what they inculcate. Specific directions were given to God's ancient covenant people, to set apart places for public sacrifices. These were ever accompanied with the breath of prayer. Those set apart for that purpose, led in their public devotions, but all were required to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The practice and the language of the pious in past ages, has been, "O come, let us worship and bow down. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also—I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the presence of all his people."

The precepts "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together; to enter hallowed gates with thanksgiving," while they direct to public worship in general, point to public prayer in particular, as its inseparable attendant. Peter and John went into the temple to pray. Our motto acquaints us that public sanctuaries are set apart as houses of prayer. It is not, therefore, needful that more time be spent to prove public social prayer a *DUTY*. Let us,

II. Consider the manner in which it should be performed. Here several particulars may be introduced.

FIRST, It is suitable in public prayer, that one steadily lead, and that he should be a minister of the sanctuary. Seasons of social prayer among private Christians, often contribute much to their growth in grace. In these the best gifts are to be improved, and each one may covet gifts, in subordination to things more excellent. But in the house of God it is the appropriate work of those who minister at the altar to offer the incense before the mercy-seat. To encourage persons, indiscriminately to lead in public prayer, if they pleased, would be offering strange incense before the Lord of hosts. To have several praying at once, would be disorder and confusion. Neither of these has ever been according to the divine appointment. The services of the sanctuary should all tend

to the glory of God, and to the edification of his people.

This leads us to remark,

SECONDLY, That public prayer ought to be offered, with appropriate reference to the sins and the necessities, to the circumstances and affections of the public assembly for whom it is offered. The language of invocation and adoration used in public, is designed as an expression of the general awe which should pervade every mind, and the universal desire of divine assistance which ought to be felt. To contemplate, in prayer, the awful majesty, the infinite purity, the omnipresence, and grace of Jehovah, is calculated to inspire holy reverence, and humble confidence.

Ministers, at the altar, use a public language, in behalf of all the pious present; they may, therefore, express themselves in a more unqualified strain of adoration, praise, and thanksgiving, than their own hopes would permit them to do, were they alone.

In public prayer, general confessions of sin, of the corruption of human nature, and the prevailing sins among the worshippers then assembled, ought to occupy an important and conspicuous place. The prayer of Daniel in behalf of his captive countrymen, is clear and full, in the general confession of sins which it contains. "We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of face, as at this day."

In this part of prayer too, the minister, hoping that he is in the midst of some penitent souls, may with much freedom, pour out the breathings of contrition. His language may, and should be, the language of lamentation, of self-loathing, of earnest entreaty for pardon and sanctification, and of humble reliance on the blood and righteousness, the grace and promises of Christ. Public prayer, besides embracing a general confession of sin, is a duty in which the minister is the public organ of the desires of others. With submission to the divine will, he may pour out general and

ardent desires for needful temporal mercies, and more needful spiritual blessings.

Here the breathings of a pious soul may be as copiously concise as human necessities and divine omniscience, viewed together, shall dictate. Here the mouth may be *filled* with arguments. Here an holy importunity of "I WILL NOT LET THEE GO EXCEPT THOU BLESS ME," may be united with unreserved commendation of all our interests and concerns, of body and soul, for time and for eternity, to the disposal of a holy God. Here particular requests of the sick and afflicted, may be made the subjects of public desires.

This reminds us, that, as we belong to the great family of man, intercessions for all men, should ever be included in our public prayers. We are then to manifest our general sympathies, and our universal benevolence towards a world involved in guilt, filled with wretchedness, and exposed to ruin. Here topics arise, whose energy might be expected to thaw an ocean of ice, or break a heart of flint.

Nor will our obligations of gratitude to God, permit us in any public prayer, to omit a thankful acknowledgement of his mercies. A general enumeration of temporal blessings, diffused around us from week to week, may well occupy our attention in the sanctuary.

Individual thank-offerings will often demand public praise. But more exalted blessings, of a spiritual nature, demand more ardent gratitude, and a more conspicuous place in our public devotions. At the head of all these is the unspeakable gift of God to men. The thousand channels in which this ocean of divine goodness and mercy to our world, flows, may be traced from sabbath to sabbath and from year to year, without the possibility of our exhausting a theme which will be new to all eternity.

Here thankfulness and joy may mingle their accents and waft the soul above earthly scenes. Thus hallowed courts become "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

Public prayers should be of sufficient length to express the general desires of the worshippers; but not

extended so much as to be tedious to devout minds. —Here we are reminded,

THIRDLY, That other persons should feel themselves to be as much interested in public prayer as the ministers of the sanctuary. When no other duty requires their absence, others are as much bound to attend, and to be present at the very commencement of the service, as the religious teacher. The same personal obligation ought to be felt by all, to unite in public prayer, that there is for the gospel minister to offer it. Who does not believe, that those who lead in public prayer should be sincere and devout? But is it not as really the duty of each adult individual present, sincerely and devoutly to unite in whatever is rightly offered in prayer? But alas! how many in most worshipping assemblies, appear to feel that they have nothing to do with the public prayers, except to refrain from making disturbance, or perhaps criticise the thoughts and the language of the speaker. Or, it may be, their thoughts are suffered to wander with the fool's eyes to the ends of the earth. This is not making the Lord's house an house of prayer.

If public prayers are in behalf of the assembly generally, how evident that each one should heartily unite in them. When the language of invocation and adoration is used, every heart should be lifted to God with holy and filial reverence. When confession of sin is made, penitential sorrow and hearty renunciation of sin should pervade every breast. When pardoning mercy, sanctifying grace, and spiritual peace are implored through the merits of Christ, the faith and hope of every soul here should fasten on him as the only Mediator, and as able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. In all the subsequent petitions for things agreeable to the will of God, the desires of each individual should be ascending with those of the speaker. And when a special request for prayer is presented, the precise object of such request is, that all pious hearts then present may unite in presenting it before the throne of grace. But ALL ought to have pious hearts; and therefore all ought to unite in bear-

ing these requests on high. An enumeration of mercies should fill each soul with lively gratitude to God, while engaged in public prayer. Unless this is done, the soul has not performed its appropriate duty, and will suffer a consequent loss. God is a spirit, and no worship will be accepted of him, which is not offered in spirit and in truth. Here is a subject of vastly more importance than whether we *kneel*, or *sit*, or *stand*, the different postures in which different religious denominations present public prayer.

When about to repair to houses where prayer is wont to be made, it becomes us all to say to every worldly care, every vain thought, and every wandering affection; Tarry behind, while I go and pray yonder. It becomes us to obey the inspired direction, "Keep thy feet when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to offer the sacrifice of fools."

But it is time that we should,

III. Consider some of the advantages of public social prayer. God is honored by it. Creatures thus acknowledge their dependance, confess their guilt, and supplicate his blessing, in a way which tends to promote the declarative glory of God in the world. It contributes much to harmonize or soften the discordant feelings of mankind. Hard indeed must be that heart which can indulge malice and hatred towards fellow worms, when listening to the language of fervent supplication for mercy from God. But public prayer, eminently contributes to the Christian's growth in grace. It is an important means of doing this, by divine appointment. He has blessed it to millions now in glory, and millions of others on their way to heaven. He never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain." He has made exceeding great and precious promises to the right performance of this duty. "In all places where I record my name, saith Jehovah, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee. Mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attentive unto the prayer that is made in this place." And again he hath promised:—"Also the sons of strangers that join

themselves to the Lord to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, and to be his servants, every one that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer. Their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." Again, the Saviour has said, "If two of you shall agree on earth, touching any thing which ye shall ask in my name, it shall be done for them, of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Who could desire more advantages than these promises insure to devout public prayer.

1. Is public prayer a duty? then there is a moral obligation on every man to contribute his equitable proportion of the expense necessary to erect and maintain a house of prayer and a ministry in holy things, for it is the appointment of God, that those who wait at the altar, should be partakers with the altar. It is not, therefore, in the sight of God a matter of indifference, whether men contribute their just proportion for the support of religious institutions or not. The Jews, when withholding the tenth of all their income, which was then required, besides free-will offerings, were addressed by an inspired prophet in this affecting language: "Will a man rob God; yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in my house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

What if the Jews were blessing themselves that they were saving their offerings which were withheld from the house of God; the Lord abhorred their covetousness. He could easily diminish their income tenfold more than they saved by their injustice to him.

And it remains true to this day, that there is, that scattereth for religious purposes and yet increaseth ; and there is, that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. It is written with the finger of God, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy vats overflow with wine."

2. How responsible the station of him who leads in public prayer. He may chill and palsy the devotions of others. How distressing the thought ! On the other hand he may be made instrumental of incalculable benefit, in warming and elevating the affections of others. Who is sufficient for these things. Brethren, pray for us, that God would pour upon us a spirit of grace and supplication, that we may, to divine acceptance and to the edification and comfort of our fellow worshippers, offer public incense before the mercy seat. Pray for us, that we may have all the gifts and graces which are requisite to a suitable and right discharge of so solemn and interesting a part of public worship as prayer.

3. Our subject teaches that it is sinful and unprofitable, unnecessarily to absent ourselves from God's house of prayer. If it is the duty of some to attend public worship, then all are in duty bound to attend, when they have not a reason for abstaining from it, which will answer at the bar of God. But how often does some disaffection to the minister, some trivial excuse about the weather or about their health, prevent people from going to God's house of prayer. Our subject ought to fasten guilt on every such conscience. Besides, it subjects persons to lose all the advantages which may be derived from public prayer. These are too important to be overlooked, even where some other things are not the most agreeable.

4. How much guilt has been contracted by undevout affections in the house of God. Here let us endeavour to bring the subject home to our own consciences and hearts for humiliation. How often has the Saviour, who sees all hearts, beheld the lovers of the world and lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God,

bringing into his house and raising from seats consecrated to God, hearts filled with buying and selling, or perhaps even with music and dancing. And what is the voice of God to such? "Bring no more vain oblations; such incense is an abomination to me." Let all such be deeply abased before the Lord. But, reader, we have all much cause of humiliation from sabbath to sabbath, that our hearts are no more interested in public prayer. Let us then humbly implore pardoning mercy for all our past guilt contracted in public devotion, and fervently beseech God to prepare us more devoutly to worship him in future. And may he, who has all blessings at his command, bestow on us praying hearts and all the blessings of his humble, devout, and exemplary worshippers, for the Redeemer's sake.

[For the Monitor.]

THE SLAVE.

Concluded.

It was on a delightful evening near the last of May, that Elverton, while walking alone, was overtaken by one of his former companions, to whom he had once been much attached. This friendship, which late events had not entirely subdued, together with some amiable traits of character, and the pleasing manners which he possessed, gave him peculiar advantages for the accomplishment of his design. The insinuating man contrived to interest deeply his companion, in conversation, and by very artful management, to awaken in Elverton's breast, feelings and passions, which had long been in subjection. As they were returning from their walk, he persuaded Elverton, who consented with considerable reluctance, to call for a few moments at his room. Wine was produced, and both of them tasted it.

One of their former associates soon came in, as if accidentally; another and another followed; each welcomed Elverton, with apparent cordiality, and endear-

ored to drown the apprehensions, which he began to manifest, by pleasantry and mirth. The guest wished to leave them, but they opposed his few faint attempts, with so much good humour, that he could not resist. They gradually turned their attention to the wine; Elverton sat with them, but he said little, smiled little; he appeared as if in a state of stupified amazement. But the dead calm in his countenance did not indicate freedom from commotion within. There was a work of conflict and destruction going on in his soul, which defied all expression in his action or utterance, and he sat like one overwhelmed by some powerful emotion, whose workings almost suspended the operations of vitality.

They only, who have been in such circumstances, can tell with what irresistible power, the associations of other days will come over the soul, when it is unexpectedly exposed to scenes and temptations which have, for some time, been successfully avoided. Elverton had accustomed himself to banish from his thoughts every thing, which could have a tendency to awaken that hankering after forbidden pleasures, which he knew to be so irresistible, and the moral principles, which he had endeavored to establish, in their stead, had begun to strengthen themselves within him. His soul had undergone a revolution, and was fast settling into order, but this unexpected and most powerful attack was too strong for the government not yet perfectly confirmed, and for an hour the warfare was maintained, between conscience and moral principle on one hand, and on the other, the old propensities and passions, which had been for a time subdued, but which were now by the temptations of this scene called up afresh in all their power. Whenever his unhallowed propensities gained a momentary ascendancy, they prompted him to raise the glass to his lips; and although he set it down again to renew the conflict, the better side was weakened by the previous defeat, and by the influence of the sparkling liquid, which soon began to animate and gladden.

All Elverton's resolutions were soon forgotten. The whole work of reformation, which had been begun in his soul, was soon in ruins. He gradually lost sense of the danger and guilt of his situation;—he joined in the merriment and glee, and soon abandoned himself without reserve, to the unhallowed emotions of the scene. A maddening delirium took possession of his brain, and late at night, he sunk down into insensibility, in complete and confirmed subjection to his besetting sin.

When he awoke he found himself in his bed, in the room where he was accustomed to sleep in his father's house. The light, with which the apartment was filled, immediately informed him that the morning was far advanced, but its beams were connected with none of their accustomed associations of cheerfulness. He gazed about, a moment, with a look of bewildered amazement, but the dizzy and aching sensation of his head, to which he had so often in former times awaked,—the feverish, irregular pulsations with which his whole body was throbbing,—and the recollections of the past night, which began to flash upon him, although they were mingled with the terrific phantoms, which had haunted him in his sleep, soon informed him what had passed, and where he was.

"My ruin then is fixed," said he, with a most bitter emotion, as a cool conviction of the reality of the scene, succeeded the indistinctness of his first recollections. "Yes, my destruction is sure;—I have tried with all my power to contend against this demon, but in vain, and I will try no more." As he cast his eye forward into the future, and there flashed upon him a glance of the consequences which attended the desperate resolution of giving himself up, without farther struggle, to his fate,—his own prospects in life ruined,—his father and mother broken hearted,—and the gloomy view beyond the grave, to which his thoughts involuntarily extended themselves;—a fit of shuddering and sobbing came over him, which seemed about to separate the soul from the body. He was, however, soon composed, and his mind settled down into a state of sullen despair. He arose from his bed, and went

down to join the family, which he once loved, and which was once so inseparably attached to him; but he found not the bright and cheerful looks which he had been accustomed to meet among them in happier days. His sister was sitting in the parlor, in tears. His father he was told was at his mother's bedside, she had sunk under the shock, which her son's relapse had given her, and was now a prey to wild insanity. Elverton stalked from room to room overwhelmed with remorse and horror. In a few minutes, he met his parent in the passage from one room to another, and with a voice, trembling with emotion, he said to him, "Father, I would have spared you this sorrow if I could, but I have tried and I cannot, I cannot resist this temptation, and I have now nothing left, but to drown the remorse that I feel, while the means are in my reach. Let me have one look at my mother, and then, if you can but forget that such an one as I ever had existence, I will trouble you no more." So saying, he pressed by his father, who was too much bewildered and confounded to make any resistance, entered hastily his mother's apartment, and gazed a moment, at her deathlike appearance,—her quivering lip,—her fixed and glassy eye. The mother turned her face towards him, and looking a moment, asked with a melancholy tone, "Is this my son?" Elverton turned quickly away, went down stairs in the greatest perturbation, and rushed out of the house, and to his home he never returned.

His first step was to resort to a tavern, and by an additional potion of what had been the cause of all his sorrows, to restore a kind of composure to his mind. He then went on board a packet, and engaged a passage to a distant city, where he resolved to give himself up without restraint to the dominion of intemperance. "Whatever shall come upon me," thought he, "after death, I suppose I must endure, but I can at least drown conscience while life remains."

But we cannot stay to trace particularly the remainder of his career, in the paths of dissipation. It was that of every other traveller on this broad road. Intem-

perance soon brought upon him those sordid and degraded vices, which ever follow in her train; and the once generous, noble minded Elverton, became a sot, despicable even in the eyes of profligates like himself. He found, too, the drowning of conscience no easy task. Hideous spectres would haunt him in solitude; he could not close his eyes at night without seeing the ghastly look, which his mother had turned to him in their last interview, and the sound of the words, "Is this my son," was continually in his ears. He lingered a year or two, in this way, but existence was a weariness to him.

On a summer's afternoon, after he had been sitting alone in his room, apparently in a deep reverie, he started up from his seat, and said to himself, "I can endure such a life no longer; I will know and try the worst that is to come upon me." He went up stairs and took down one of a pair of pistols which were hanging there. He loaded it with powder and ball which was at hand,—examined carefully the lock and flint, and went back to his room. He sat down to the table, and began to pen a farewell to his father and sister,—the tidings of his mother's death had reached him some months before. He continued uninterrupted at this employment, until supper was announced. He then concluded abruptly,—folded, sealed, and directed his letter, and laid it upon the table. He then joined the family, and partook, with them, the evening meal, in his usual silent dejection.

When the family rose from the table, he left the house, and walked slowly through the town, until he came to a sort of common, at its outskirts, near the sea shore, where the boys were accustomed to assemble to enjoy their sports. "O! were I one of you," thought he, as he passed them, "what a different life would I lead." The boys took notice of his miserable look, and it occasioned a slight cessation of their mirth, but the stranger passed on, a turn round the foot of a hill soon hid him from their view, and the sensation he had awakened, like all other impressions upon childhood, passed quickly away. The report of a pistol, which followed,

occasioned a little notice, and a passing remark ;—the boys gradually dispersed to their homes, and in a few hours nothing was disturbing the stillness and silence of night.

Elverton did not return to his lodgings, but his absence at such a time was too frequent an occurrence, to excite either surprise or alarm ; and the family, leaving a lamp burning upon the hearth, in his apartment, retired as usual to rest. On the following morning, at the hour of breakfast, a boy went to Elverton's room, and after knocking once or twice in vain, he softly opened the door, and was surprised to find that the bed, in which the lodger should have slept, was undisturbed, and the dying flame of the lamp had not yet ceased its flickering. He communicated the information to the family ;—the news of Elverton's disappearance was soon spread through the neighborhood, and in a short time, a considerable party was proceeding to the spot to which Elverton had directed his steps, under the guidance of some of the boys, who had recollected the circumstances of the preceding evening. Elverton was found extended on the ground. The pistol was lying at a little distance ; the grass around him was bloody, and torn as by the convulsions of death. His limbs were cold and motionless. The spirit was gone.

MERTREM.

[For the Monitor.]

WHAT IS THE ONLY SURE AND EFFECTUAL SECURITY AGAINST
ERROR IN RELIGIOUS OPINION ?

THAT mankind are ignorant, short-sighted, and fallible, is a truth, rarely, if ever, denied. In all the pursuits, in which they engage, they are liable to error and mistake. But in no employment, perhaps, are they more exposed to mistake error for truth, than in the investigation of those subjects, which relate to immaterial things. Of this nature, are the truths of *religion*. Unlike the science of botany or chemistry, this subject respects things immaterial and spiritual. In propor

tion to the superior importance of this, over every other subject, that comes under our notice, is the injury greater, that arises from entertaining false views respecting it, compared with the evil that would result from a similar procedure, in the investigation of any other subject. Fully impressed, therefore, that we are in danger of embracing error on religious subjects; and that it may be the cause of immense injury; let us examine and ascertain, whether there is any effectual security against it.

It is evident, that we cannot rely upon the *opinions of men*, to prevent our falling into erroneous sentiments. Were we to take public opinion for our guide, in searching after truth, we should be wavering, contradictory, and not unfrequently erroneous in our opinions. If we look abroad, and mark the great variety of religious sentiments, that prevail in the world, and observe the earnestness, with which each sect adheres to its own favorite principles, we cannot but feel destitute of all that support and evidence, which an universal or even general agreement among mankind would furnish, in establishing a particular system of religious doctrines. The direct contrariety of opinions, that extensively prevails among men, would have a tendency to render us doubtful, in determining upon the true system of faith, or would betray us into absurdity and contradiction.

Neither will the *sacred Scriptures*, of themselves, afford certain security against error. Although they are inspired of Heaven, and contain a perfect system of religious doctrines and precepts, yet they are insufficient to restrain men from error and irreligion. Mankind are so liable to be influenced by prejudice, that we can draw no certain conclusion, respecting the correctness of their sentiments, from the fact, that they have access to an unerring standard of truth. If the disposition of heart incline a person to prefer certain sentiments, he will be greatly exposed to the danger of perverting the true import of sacred writ, to establish his own favourite notions. To so great an extent, may a person's feelings influence his understanding, that

he will receive the opposite and contrary meaning of a plain declaration for the true one, mistake light for darkness and darkness for light, and even cast a false and delusive colouring over the whole face of divine testimony. Consequently we cannot safely infer security from error, because we consult the pages of divine inspiration.

Where then, must we resort, to find an infallible security, against the admission of false principles and erroneous views, respecting the concerns of religion? We can resort, with certainty of success, to no other, than the only true and infinite Source of light and knowledge—we can depend, with safety, upon nothing less than the influences of the Divine Spirit. Here is our whole security—here our sole dependence. Without the enlightening influence of this divine Agent, we can have no effectual safeguard against error—destitute of the temper and feelings, which it is its office to impart, we are liable to embrace the most erroneous, absurd, and dangerous system of religious doctrines. But with this for our teacher, we can open the volume of inspiration, and understand the truths which it reveals; with this for our guide, we shall be continually progressing in the development of truth and the acquisition of knowledge; and with this for our comforter, we shall joyfully anticipate, and eventually witness the triumphant and glorious success of the cause, which we have espoused.

GORDON.

[For the Monitor.]

MR. EDITOR,

I am uncertain, whether pieces of the character of the one which follows, are permitted a place in your interesting paper. It is at your disposal, to insert or reject it. If compositions of this general character are received, perhaps this may be followed by others, having a more direct bearing on the objects designed to be accomplished by your paper.

THE PIRATE.

It had been calm—the wide waste of waters had lain like a molten sea, without an undulation—the bright beams of a splendid summer's sun, were thrown back from the surface, as from a polished mirror—the canvass had hung loose and motionless from the yards, and even the vane on the topmast, ever volatile, had ceased its giddy whirl, with the last expiring zephyr.

It had been calm; but it was no longer so. The sea had been smooth; but its appearance was rapidly changing. Cloud after cloud came driving up from beneath the horizon. In huge, dark masses, they were seen hurrying from various quarters, and shrouding the blue expanse in blackness. Now a fitful gust whistled through the cordage, and died away; and now a fiercer blast swept angrily along, marking its progress by the eddying water and the flying foam. The heavens gradually became enveloped in deeper gloom, the thunder broke forth in a louder and more awful tone, and the wind with increasing violence lashed the tumbling billows.

The master trode the ship's deck in silence. He had seen these fearful tokens of preparation. His keen eye had followed the rising clouds, observed their threatening aspect, and had taken cognisance of the various preludes of the coming tempest. His eye was now turned upon the lighter vapours, that scud along beneath the large, dark volumes of clouds; now upon the motions of the heaving billows, and now on the ship, beginning to feel the impulse of the increasing

commotion around it. He had seen such scenes before. He had passed through every thing that is dreadful on the perilous wave. He had witnessed and experienced the countless horrors of tempest and shipwreck, and again and again seen the approach of the *king of terrors*, in his most terrific habiliments. And through all these, he had borne himself boldly. He had steeled his soul, by familiarity with danger, and had gained a hardihood, which made him little reck, whether the elements were hushed in repose, or spending their fury in the wildest commotion. It had been so with him; but it was not so now. The glance, which was now turned on the clouds, and now on the waves, and anon swept restlessly round the horizon, was the offspring of keen anxiety. Nor was it strange. He had been a marauder upon the deep, a man of *blood*! Rapine and murder had been his trade. The sailor in his lawful vocation had been his prey. The death-shot from his right hand, had pierced the brain, and the dagger, driven by his arm, had entered the hearts of fellow-travellers upon the deep. His order had plunged them helpless in the waves, and he had raised the shout of savage exultation, as the parting breath bubbled upward from the sinking victims. Enormities such as these, stood upon the catalogue of his crimes; not as the consummation of one desperate enterprise, for such had been the tenor of his life. Conscience had, indeed, uttered its reproaches with severity for a time; but crime on crime had made him deaf to its clamors, till even the foulest turpitude heard no veto from his bosom. There had he lived and prospered, though the avenger of blood had often pressed him hard in the chase, and the angry elements had oftentimes well nigh summoned him to a higher tribunal.

His career of crime had been lengthened out, the sand had run on unspent; but the thought was now in his heart, that it was almost out. And that thought sent sensations to his soul, to which he had long been a stranger. Time had been, when life had hung upon a slender thread; an oar alone, had interposed between him and the unseen world; but where his unclothed

spirit would abide, he thought not, cared not. But not so now. The fresh tokens of approaching danger, which the roaring waves, and the lowering firmament were continually presenting, filled him with painful apprehensions. The black record of a life of guilt, unfolded itself before him, and scenes of foulest iniquity, almost forgotten, rushed upon his mind in all the vividness of horrid reality. Reflection brought before his view terrific pictures of the crimes he had perpetrated; and memory, with unrelenting faithfulness, displayed the long list of his deeds of darkness. Conscience, which had long been stupified, resumed, and performed its office with an energy, which filled his soul with anguish and horror. Images, painfully faithful of what had passed, arose successively before him. He saw again, scenes in which he had been a chief actor. He saw the sailor in his honest calling, robbed of his gains by savage rapine. He saw the helpless prisoner writhe with torture to disclose the place of hidden spoil. He saw the bosom of a fellow man, rent by the fatal ball, pour forth the life blood. He heard the anguished cry for mercy, answered but by brutal mockery, cease its thrilling note as the fatal cord performed its office. And he heard, with jest and merriment between, the mangled corpses splash among the waves. These dreadful spectacles forced themselves upon his view, and compelled the recognition of them in all their horrid aggravations. Remorse goaded him with a thousand stings, and his whole soul was wrung with agony.

Dismal darkness had drawn its mantle over the ocean, now thrown by the conflicting elements into the most terrific commotion. The wind raged with accumulated fury; the mountain waves dashed one on another with deafening roar, and bore along the ship with appalling violence. All around was turbulence, nor was there less in the bosom of the Pirate. He strove to shake off his fears, and to bear himself boldly amid this scene of terror. But no effort could banish the agonizing consciousness of his guilt, and the dismal forebodings with which it was accompanied. Every

thing around seemed conspiring to give intensity to the pangs, which darted through his bosom. The hoarse blast that swept across the waves, seemed declaring as it passed, that recompense drew near. The thunder which pealed forth from the black battlements of clouds, seemed uttering dreadful words of retribution; and the lightning that gleamed through the darkness, gave woeful intimations of a fiery vengeance that was coming. Nor was it long delayed. It flashed! I saw a shattered hulk. I saw the struggles, and I heard the shrieks of drowning men. Again it flashed. I saw wave rolling on wave with furious violence, and I heard their angry clamors, and 'twas all I heard or saw! But I thought of that tremendous scene on which the guilty mariners had entered. Z.

[For the Monitor.]

HOBGOBLINS.

A FEW years ago, as I was travelling in the interior of Massachusetts, I found myself, at the close of a warm summer's day, a few miles distant from the place where I wished to spend the night. As the evening was delightful, I thought I would continue my ride rather later than usual, and was accordingly proceeding slowly, upon my horse, giving my mind up to the pleasing reveries which are, in such circumstances, very naturally excited. As I was passing by a farm house, which stood at a little distance from the road, my horse took a sudden fright at something which he saw, and looking round in the direction, towards which his attention seemed to be turned, I was surprized by a very singular apparition. At a little distance in front of the house, was a figure in white, bearing a general resemblance to the shape of a man, except that it was without head or feet, and its hands seemed to have been cut off at the wrists. It was not standing upon the ground, but was suspended in the air a foot or too above it. It moved slowly back and forth, but was perfectly silent.

I was at first a little startled, and was about to drive away as fast as possible ; but upon thinking how much more manly it would be, to go up boldly and examine this remarkable appearance, I turned my horse towards the house, and called out loudly, "Who is there?" I received no reply. I rode up a little nearer to it, and demanded again, "Who is there?" It seemed to fall back a little, but gave me no answer. Emboldened by the signs of retreat which the enemy manifested, I took courage to draw back my long whip, and aim a pretty severe blow at the shoulders of the apparition. The event proved it to be of substantial flesh and blood, for he started back and cried out, "Take care there," and almost immediately burst into a loud laugh. By this manœuvre, I discovered that the figure possessed hands, feet, and head, though his brown skin was not distinguishable from the ground behind him, in the faint starlight. Upon my asking him why he was standing there at that time of night, in his shirt, he replied that he came out to cool himself, and perceiving that I was a little frightened, he thought he would be silent and see how the joke would end; "but," continued he, laughing and rubbing his shoulders, "it did not end exactly so pleasantly as I could have wished."

This occurrence naturally turned my thoughts, during the remainder of my ride, to the consideration of that mysterious terror, of which men are generally susceptible, at the witnessing of any uncommon sights or noises, when alone in the dark. I shall not attempt to decide that this infirmity, from which few minds are perfectly free, is entirely owing to the faults of education, or that all the accounts of supernatural appearances, which we have received, are deserving of nothing but ridicule. These are subjects, on which wise and good men have entertained different opinions. It is, however, without doubt, true, that improper education is the principal cause of this foolish cowardice, and that it falls to the lot of very few people, really to see ghosts, while almost every one is more or less harassed by the fear of them.

It would assist a great deal in overcoming this unreasonable terror, if men would always boldly examine whatever excites it; they would generally find as little real cause of alarm, as I did in the incident above related. By doing this, confidence would soon be acquired, while, by a cowardly retreat from the supposed danger, the infirmity will be increased, so as to make the subject of it a very unhappy being.

But the evil may be most effectually counteracted, or rather prevented, by care in early education. I am acquainted with several families, who are subjected to constant inconvenience and trouble, on account of the prevalence of this weakness among their members. If any errand is to be done in the evening, in a distant part of the house, no one has courage to go. Each one endeavours to put off to another, the execution of the dangerous service, and at last, three or four of them set off together in a troop, expecting, that if they should meet a hobgoblin, he would be put to flight by superiority of numbers. These children never dare to go to bed, without having a candle left burning in the chamber until they are fast asleep.

I believe this unhappy timidity is often, in a great measure, occasioned by the injudicious attempts of parents, to frighten children into their duty. Although there may be a temporary convenience in this method, as it generally operates pretty powerfully in deterring from misconduct, yet the subsequent injury which is done, is incalculable. Parents who adopt this course, show by it, either a great thoughtlessness, or a disregard to their children's future happiness.

I shall close these remarks by relating an occurrence, which took place in a family of my acquaintance, and which this subject has suggested. The family, of which I am speaking, was noted for its foolish fears, and was often a subject of ridicule for the whole neighborhood, on this account. One evening, in the month of November, when they had just gone to bed, after having extinguished the fires and locked up the house, they were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. The man arose, though not without some tre-

pidation, and after obtaining a light, with some difficulty and delay, he went to the door, opened it with great caution, and was surprised to find nobody there. He returned to his bed, and telling his wife that they were mistaken, he tried to compose himself to sleep again. But neither of the two could think of any thing but ghosts and hobgoblins. In a few minutes, they were electrified by another rap. After considerable debate upon the question, which of them should go, they concluded to share the danger together, and when they arrived at the door, were again astonished at finding nobody there. They looked out, up and down the street, but all was perfectly calm and still; a light snow had just fallen, and there was not the least mark of a footstep upon it. They examined all the other doors, but at neither did they find any thing to explain the mystery.

They were soon convinced, beyond a doubt, that they were honored with a visit from the Evil One, and the whole house was immediately in a state of consternation. The man was walking about in utter dismay, his wife just ready to fall into hysterics, and the children crying with terror. After some time, the rapping growing louder and more frequent, my courageous friend succeeded in urging, by threats and persuasions, his oldest son to steal away at the back door, and call in one of the neighbors. When he came in, he soon ascertained that some roguish boys had tied a string to the knocker, and were pulling it, occasionally, from an old deserted building across the street; making all this mischief, to amuse themselves with the ridiculous fears of the family.

MERTREM.

[For the Monitor.]

DEAR C.

I AM happy in having an opportunity of complying with your request. If my letters can afford you any pleasure or profit, a portion of my time shall be

cheerfully devoted to one, whom I so much love and esteem, and for whose temporal and spiritual interest I feel deeply solicitous. Some of my leisure hours I have spent, this winter, in perusing the elegant and instructive pages of Dr. Beattie. His remarks on filial duties, have given the current to my present train of thought. Allow me to quote one sentence. "Next to that which is due to the Creator, children owe their parents the highest love, reverence and gratitude." On reflecting on this subject, I thought that the most delightful scene of earthly bliss, which pen can describe, or imagination paint, is a *family of children* who are perfectly *obedient* to their parents. If a father could ever say of any sublunary object, In this I have found happiness, it was in the fond embrace of a *dutiful* child. If a mother was ever supremely blest in the object of her tenderest affection, it was when witnessing a punctual and cheerful *compliance* with all her wishes.

You will doubtless acknowledge this an interesting subject, and of practical importance to one of your age; but perhaps, my friend, you have never considered how much your personal happiness depends on your conduct towards those to whom you owe your existence, your support, and a thousand blessings. I trust you will lend me your attention, while I make one or two remarks on a subject in which you are so deeply concerned. I do not look forward to futurity—my eye is fixed on your *present* happiness.

Let us consider for a moment the happiness, or the misery which children experience in their own bosoms, according as they respect or disrespect their parents. Though the rod of correction should never be felt, the disobedient child will necessarily be unhappy. Whatever else he may escape, he cannot escape the reproaches of a guilty conscience. Shame and confusion cover him when he appears in the presence of his parents. He receives no paternal smile—but a frown—a frown which he feels that he justly deserves. He has done *wrong*—and though the act itself might afford a momentary pleasure, the recollection of it is attended with

pain and remorse. Those peculiarly pleasant and happy emotions, which arise from the consciousness of receiving a parent's approbation, he never feels. Though the disobedient child may sometimes submit through fear; yet every command is irksome—to obey becomes painful—to disobey is attended with more painful consequences. He must, for years, be under the just and reasonable commands of his parents; and those which are naturally calculated to make him happy, seem to him, on account of his perverse disposition, a grievous burden. Thus his disobedience renders him sullen and wretched, when he might, were he disposed to obey, be cheerful and happy. And though he may flatter himself with the thought of one day being liberated from parental authority, yet he will have the same disposition, which will lead him into new kinds of vice, and be attended with new and more aggravated evils. So that he not only suffers immense loss of happiness by his disobedience, but he becomes subject to the worst of passions, which are painful in themselves, and which will terminate in endless misery and ruin.

If the picture of disobedience has become too painful for you longer to contemplate, let me invite your attention to that amiable and lovely child, who finds his chief happiness in obeying his parents. When he has done what was required of him, he feels a satisfaction that adds much to his other pleasures. He is happy, superlatively happy in the presence of his parents—every new act of obedience renders it more pleasant to obey—strengthens his affections for his parents—prevents the rising of harsh and painful emotions, and throws a charm around the age of childhood and youth, which will ever be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction.

Would you then be happy, *love* and *obey* your parents. Never indulge the most secret desire of being liberated from their restraints. The moment such a wish is cherished, it will make you unhappy. Ere you are aware, you may form a habit of fostering a disobedient spirit—and when such a habit is once formed, “farewell, a long and last farewell,” to all your happi-

ness. You may have hours of giddy hilarity, or a momentary gratification of some selfish and wicked desire, but this is not happiness. Your return to your parents is greeted with no smile—no joy—no cordial approbation! But on the other hand, if you are *dutiful* to your parents, your own feelings will witness that real and lasting happiness emphatically belong to you.

FILIUS.

[For the Monitor.]

TO THE LUKEWARM CHRISTIAN.

HE who lags in the Christian race, falls far behind the active spirit of the times. The church is beginning to look up from her low state of inaction, and shame be to the man who composes himself to the sleep of uselessness. The Jews—the Africans—all the world, are to be regenerated; but what can a *feeble* piety do towards producing such mighty effects? "The sacramental hosts of God's elect," with "the King of glory" at their head, are on their way to universal dominion, armed for the battle, and moving onward with the sure and rapid strides of victory over the powers of darkness and the gods of the heathen. The attendant heralds are crying, 'Come ye up to this battle!'

But you, inactive Christian, who did once answer this challenge, put on the armor, and join yourself to the ranks, have now become deaf to those heralds' voice, have put off that armor for the trappings of worldly honor, and have deserted those ranks to lie down and slumber. While you slumber, the hosts are marching forward to conquest; the battle is fought, the victory is won,—but *you* are not there.

XAVIER.

BIBLE CLASSES.

WE feel peculiar satisfaction in being able to state that an increasing interest is felt in different sections of this country, in the religious instruction and improvement of YOUNG PEOPLE. Pastors are awaking to feel that this section of their Master's vineyard has been too much neglected; that the supposed obstacles to its moral culture, are fewer than they had imagined; and that it has yielded the most abundant fruits when cultivated. Very recently, Bible Classes have been reorganizing in the congregations of Rev. Dr's. Milnor and Spring, and Rev. Messrs. Whelpley and Patton, and in several other congregations in New York, a deeper interest in the social study of the lively Oracles of God is felt than has been usual.

In several of these Bible Classes we do hope, that already eternal realities are felt to be of more momentous importance from the social study of their Bibles. And we do believe that, if there should not be seen the Spirit's influence descending like a mighty rushing wind upon them, as has been the case in some Bible Classes, yet the still small voice of Elijah's God, will effectually operate on many hearts, turning some from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and building up others in their most holy faith. We were much gratified with the account Dr. Milnor, Rector of St. George's Church, gave us of his Bible Class, and the numerous specimens of good composition we saw written on themes taken from the Bible Class text book. We hope it may not be long before he shall witness scenes like those mentioned in the subjoined extract from the Portland Mirror. We confidently expect that more systematic and efficient measures will soon be taken to multiply Bible Classes, and we feel assured they will increase the fruits of righteousness, some SIXTY, and some an HUNDRED fold.

Advantages of Bible Class Instruction.

In the summer of 1817, a Catechetical School of young ladies was established in a town in York county,

in this State, and attended once a week. Wilbur's Biblical Catechism was the system used. Some wrote answers to the questions, having previously examined the scriptural references, handed in their writings to the teacher without a name, and the pieces were then read aloud, criticised as to the matter and manner of them, corrected with the pen, and returned, without the author being discovered by any one. At the same time the texts referred to for the answer, were committed to the memory, and recited by all. The first perceptible effect was a deep seriousness on the mind of one person, in consequence of a piece she had written on the immutability of God; for having discussed the question as the scriptural reference directed, the inference was irresistible that *she* must turn or die. It happened soon after this that a question was given out, to which Isaiah xxxiii. 14, formed a part of the answer, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"—In committing this passage to memory, another person was struck under deep and pungent conviction. She however opened her mind to no one, and attended the School as usual. It so happened that the question was first proposed to her. She rose to answer, could not speak, burst into tears, and sat down. The question passed to the next, who also attempted to answer, but was constrained to sit down in tears. As soon as the school was dismissed, these two young ladies walked away together in deep distress, and on entering the house of one of them, the mother was greatly affected on seeing the situation they were in, and was very shortly found to be anxious for her own soul. These four persons ultimately gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, and were admitted to the Lord's table together in May following. *Christian Mirror.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

An Extract, illustrative of Numbers xi. 31.

QUAILS are found throughout nearly the whole of Europe, as far north as Lapland; they are likewise

abundant in Asia, as far as Siberia, but not in the extreme northern parts of that vast tract of country. In China they are very common, and they are used by the inhabitants for warming their hands. They are, moreover, copiously diffused in different regions of Africa. Although more addicted to run than to fly, and although, for the most part, incapable of continuing for any length of time on the wing without experiencing lassitude and fatigue, it is nevertheless certain that they undertake pretty extensive migrations, and in immense flocks, passing from the colder to the warmer latitudes in autumn, and retracing their way in the spring; and there is reason to believe that their passage usually takes place in the course of the night, for they are accustomed to sleep, or at least to repose, during a considerable portion of the day, concealed in the tallest grass, when a dog may sometimes run in upon them before they are flushed. They are met with in many parts of England, but seldom in any considerable numbers. They leave there in August or September, are supposed to winter in Africa, and return early in Spring. On their arrival at Alexandria, such multitudes of them are exposed for sale, that the crews of merchant vessels are fed on them, and complaints have been laid at the consul's office by mariners against their captains, for giving them nothing but quails to eat. With wind and weather in their favor, they have been known to perform a flight of fifty leagues, across the Black Sea, in the course of a night. On the western coast of the kingdom of Naples, in the vicinity of Nettuno, quails have sometimes appeared in such prodigious quantities, that a hundred thousand have been caught in one day, and within the limited space of three or four miles. Most of them were conveyed to Rome, where they are in great request, and fetch a high price. Clouds of them also alight, in spring, along the shores of Provence, especially on the lands belonging to the bishop of Frejus that border on the sea, where they are sometimes found so exhausted, that for a few days at first, they may sometimes be caught with the hand. In some parts of the south of Russia, they so much

abound, that at the periods of their migration they are taken by thousands, and sent in casks to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

APPEALS AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

*Extracted from the able sermon of Rev. Luther F.
Dimmick, A. M.*

I THINK I shall not be going too far when I obey the direction of an inspired Apostle, who says, "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded."* My young friends will permit me to express the hope that their energies may never be wasted, and their interests destroyed, by the practice which we have been considering. Look not on the sparkling liquor. Remember that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."†—Employ your powers for him who gave them. Endeavor to suppress this evil. Then God shall bless you, and prosper your way.

And let me say to young women, Avoid the company of him whose breath indicates familiarity with the intoxicating bowl. How often by this vice are your sex subjected to a life of wretchedness. Let it receive your most marked disapprobation. You can do more to suppress it now, than after you are settled in life, and the choice of your companion is no longer at your option.

Let the disciples of Christ render assistance on this subject. Let them keep clear of this vice themselves. Shall there ever be an intemperate Christian, pouring strong drink upon the graces which the Spirit has wrought in his soul? Heaven draw a veil over the spectacle, and let it not be known that such a thing exists in the universe! You, brethren, are the dwelling of the Holy Ghost—you are the temple of God. And it is written, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."‡—You have also much to do

* Tit. ii. 6.

† Prov. xxiii. 32.

‡ 1 Cor. iii. 17.

to prevent this vice in others. Your labors and prayers should be incessant, that it may be diminished all around you, and be utterly removed from the community.

[For the Monitor.]

ORDER.

WOULD you make the greatest progress in business, in knowledge, and in holiness, ask yourself solemnly every morning, 'What does God require me to do this day?' After the proper answer, arrange your duties as to time and place. The seasons for devotion should be selected from those parts of the day in which the mind is most free from care. Be careful to fill up *all* the time in your plan, after making requisite allowances for contingencies.

Let your recreations, visits, business, and devotions, be so proportioned and arranged, as to conduce to your greatest acquisitions of holiness, to effect the greatest good to others, and most extensively to honor God. Let employments of less consequence be subordinate to those of greater. Guard against a temptation to attach more than their due relative importance to the minor actions of life; such as miscellaneous reading and conversation, recreation and dressing. The *duties of the present hour*, and the *great object of life*, are constantly to be kept in view, and steadily and perseveringly to be pursued through every season of despondency, every temptation to sloth, and self-indulgence. EMILIUS.

AFFLUENCE OF AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

THE unfortunate poet, Savage, was once desired by Sir Richard Steele, with an air of the utmost importance, to come to his house very early next morning. Mr. Savage came as he was invited, and found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting ready to

step into it. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was unwilling to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The Coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stepped into a petty tavern, and retired to a private room.

Sir Richard then informed Savage that he wanted to write a pamphlet, and wished him to be his amanuensis; they soon commenced, Sir Richard dictating, and Savage writing, until dinner, which had been ordered, was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which was somewhat reluctantly ordered to be brought. After dinner, they finished their pamphlet. The task over, Savage anticipated that Sir Richard would either order more wine, or call for his bill; but he was surprised to learn that his friend was without money, and that the expense of the dinner could only be liquidated by the sale of the pamphlet they had just written. Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale, and with some difficulty he obtained two guineas for it. Sir Richard then returned home with his companion, having only retired that day to avoid his creditors, and written the pamphlet to cover the expenses of the day.

READING THE BIBLE

In the reign of Henry V. a law was passed against the perusal of the Scriptures in England. It is enacted, "That whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, cattle, life, and goods from their heirs, forever; and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land." On contrasting the above statute, with the indefatigable exertions that are now making to print and circulate the Bible, what a happy *revolution* in public sentiment appears to have taken place!

[For the Monitor.]

AN INVITATION TO YOUTH TO JOIN THE BIBLE CLASS.

COME, blooming youth of Freedom's land,
 And join the lovely Bible band ;
 Come, bow before the sacred word
 Sent down by heaven's eternal Lord.
 It guides the wayward feet of youth
 In paths of everlasting truth ;
 Sheds radiance o'er the darken'd soul,
 And makes the wounded sinner whole ;
 Saves from the bottomless abyss,
 Exalts to more than angel bliss.
 Come, wait at wisdom's pearly gate,
 To find the gem of price so great.
 Forsake the joys which vanish soon,
 For those which triumph o'er the tomb.
 Come, blooming youth of Freedom's land,
 And join the lovely Bible band.
 Behold, the messenger of love,
 Would guide you to the realms above.
 For you, the hope of future years,
 His eyes dissolve in kindly tears ;
 For you his midnight prayers arise,
 To Him who reigns above the skies.
 Come, ere youth's transient roses fly,
 And light forsakes your closing eye,
 Bow to Jehovah's righteous will,
 And shape your course to Zion's hill.
 Eternal Power ! our efforts crown,
 O send thy gracious influence down,
 Till Bible Classes shall abound,
 In every land the world around.

HENRIETTA.

 TO CORRESPONDENTS AND PATRONS.

M. K. and some pieces without a signature have been received. We regret that in our absence in April, the printer should be so partial to one piece as to print it a second time. Some excellent pieces of original poetry from the pen of P—y, were unfortunately consumed last autumn when the Monitor office was burned. We trust our highly valued correspondent, their author, will replace our loss if he retained copies, as we sincerely hope he did.